The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymme or carroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes do abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Oberon. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,

Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And for her ſake do I reare vp her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moone-light reuels, go with vs;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairie Kingdome. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſay (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by Weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,